

The Diamond Mine.

"I know what you all want," said Aunt Minervy Ann, with an air of protest. "You want me ter tell one er dem ar creetur tales. But I kin tell you mo' tales 'bout folks dan what I kin 'bout creeturs. I b'lieve de crectur tales tooby sho'; I dunner how anybody kin he'p b'llevin' um, but dey all tell bout de time when de creeturs wuz kinder up in de worl' like folks is now. But sence den look like dey been takin' de wrong kinder doctor truck, bekaze deyer done swunk up so dev hatter hide out. Dey ain't quit talkin', kaze I hear um say dat A'on an' you all know how ter hol' confabs wid um. But dey ain't nigh what dey useter be. Folks done come in an' tuck der place. I durno dat anybody er anything is been bettered by de change; but

just one. We are going to have crablanders." This was Sweetest Susan's plea.

Aunt Minervy Ann looked at the little girl and laughed. "Honey, you know my weakness mighty well. Crablanders! I ain't seen none in so long dat I dunno what dey look like, much less how dey make um. I de name, an' 'member de tas'e, but "Why, they boil sweet potatoes till they

are soft, scrape the skin off, mash them, sprinkle sugar on them, and then wrap them in piecrust and put them in the oven to bake," said Sweetest Susan.
"Sho nuff sugar, honey?" inquired Aunt
Minervy Ann, solemnly. "We ain't had no
sho nuff sugar at our house sence de bat-

"Yea," replied Sweetest Susan; "real su-gar. We have a barrelful." "A whole bairfful! Run git de key er de sto'house an' lemme kneel down by dat bair! an' hug it.

bair' an' hug it."

The children laughed, and Sweetest Susan pretended to be going after the keys, but Aunt Minervy Ann detained her. "Don't do dat, honey. Miss Rachel'd think dat of Aunt Minervy Ann Perdue come yer fer ter say 'howdy' ter de vittles, stidder sayin' 'goodby' ter de folks."

She paused and looked at the children seriously. "I'll stay sence I hear you say 'dinner.' kaze we don't have too many din-

'dinner,' kaze we don't have too many dinners at our house, an' dem we does have ain't gwine give nobody de dyspepshy. Whar Miss Rachel? I got sump'n I wanter tell her, an' den, atter dinner, I'll tell you a tale, an' den' I'll take my foot in my han' an' go on 'hout my business an' it'll han' an' go on 'bout my business-an' it'll be a long time more 'fo' you see ol' Min-ervy Ann Perdue."

The children's mother was in her room sewing, and thither they piloted Aunt Min-ervy Ann. Then they went to amuse them-selves the best they could until after dinserves the best they could until after din-ner. What Aunt Minervy Ann had to tell their mother must have been very funny, for presently they heard her laughing so loudly that they looked at each other and laughed, too, in pure sympathy. For a very long time they had not heard their mother laugh so heartily and so long and mother laugh so heartily and so long, and it gave them pleasure to hear it now.

After awhile—a very long while it seemed to the children—the tinkling bell announced dinner, and after that meal was over they waited patiently for Aunt Minery Ann. who was having her dinner in the kitchen where she paid Lemimy the the kitchen, who was having her unner in the kitchen, where she paid Jemimy the highest of compliments by eating a great deal of verything that came to hand. "Tain't de yappetite, chile; it's de cookin'. I use ter b'lieve dat I could do sump'n wid de pots an' ovens myse'f, but you young felks done got clean ahead er we ol' ones. folks done got clean ahead er we ol' ones.

well be tol', speshually when it can't be This was the sort of flattery Jemima appreclated, and she piled Aunt Minervy Ann's plate high with the best the kitchen



"More Wadin and Walkin'." afforded. Then when the guest had finish-

ed Jemimy pressed her to have something else, and declared that Aunt Minervy Ann had been "mincin' an' not eatin'." Finally, Aunt Minervy Ann, having swallowed as much as she could, announced her intention of hunting for the children, but she didn't have to hunt at all, for they were outside the kitchen door. They would have been inside but for the fact that they had been warned that they must not watch other people while they were eating, neither at the table in the dining room nor any-

Aunt Minervy Ann wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and laughed when she saw them.
"You-all is de outdoinest white chillun

I ever laid eyes on. You des grab holt er folks an' wring tales out'n um des like dey wring chickens' heads off. How you know I got any tale ter tell? I boun' you'd be sorry fer yo' se'f ef I wuz ter start in an' make up a tale." Nevertheless, in spite of these protests,

Aunt Minervy Ann went around to the front veranda, saying: "I'll be dat fur on my way home, anyhow," and the children followed her. Once there, she seated her-self on the steps, and Buster John, Sweet est Susan and Drusilla grouped themselves

about her. There was so much formality in this that Aunt Minervy Ann laughed and protested once more. "I declar' ter gracious!" she cried, "you

all look so soletan an' pious dat it make my head feel empty. You set up here so starchified, des like dey does in church 'fo' de fust song, dat if my head had been full er tales dey wouldn't be na'er one in it now. Why, you make me feel like I did de day Brer John Henry Jerding call on me at de speunce meetin'. He say: 'Sister Puddew'-Aunt Minervy Ann was a wonderful mimic. and she rolled her eyes and closed them slowly and flung her head back-'Sister Puddew, what is de state er yo' soul? Is you still walkin'in de er-de er-narrer paff? Dey wuz er whole passul er niggers dar, men an' wimmin, an' some er de wimmin had up an' spoke, an' one un um spoke so loud dat she fell down an' had ter be toted out. Not ter be outdone by um, I riz an' try ter say sump'n nice, but my han's gun ter trimble, an' my knees ter shake, an' my tongue got up in de roof er my mouf clean out'n my reach. Well, ef you-all had been livin' close ter we-all you'd know ol'
Aunt Minervy Ann lots better'n you does.
When I foun' I can't say what I wanter
say my dander riz. I say: 'Sister Puddew,
ez you call her, is walkin' right whar she

a-doin' lots better'n some er dem what come yer speshually fer ter have fits.'"

"Brer John Henry drawed in his breff an' fetch'd a long groan. 'I 'low, ef youer fetchin' dat groan at me, des walk outer dat door dar, an' I'll gi' you sump'n ter groan fer, an' you won't stop groanin' nudder twel long atter de doctor git holt er you. Ef you wanter show off, I'll he'p you. I'm a mighty han' at he'pin' folks, an' I'll fix you so folks can see you ez you is."

The truth is, Aunt Minervy Ann was talking to get rid of the embarrassment which had seized her. And when they laughed heartily at her description of the "experience meeting" she felt better.

"Now, den," she said, "I sorter feel like I wuz at home. You all sot down here and look at me so hard dat it tuck my breff 'way. An' right now I dunno what I come 'roun' here fer."

'way. An' right now I dunno what'
'roun' here fer."

"Why, you were to tell us a tale, Aunt
Minervy Ann," Sweetest Susan declared.

"What I wanter know," remarked Aunt
Minervy Ann, "is why you come ter me ter
tell a tale, when dey's so many tale-tellers
on de place? What de matter wid dat gal
dar?" pointing to Drusilla. "She got a
How come she "Well, anyhow, you told us one tale the other day, and you'll have to tell us another to make it even. You know more than one." This was Buster John's argument.

"Please stay to dinner and tell us one, just one. We are going to have crablandary one." This was Sweetest Samuel Crable 1. I knew which the case of the cas

tell you?"
"Why, if I knew which tale I wanted
you to tell I could tell it myself," said
Buster John. "Don't you know any more
tales about Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox?"
"Look like you'd 'a' done got your fill er

dem' kinder tales by dis time," suggested Aunt Minervy Ann. "I don't git tired un um myse'f, kaze in der gwines on an' in der windin's up, dem tales tetches folks whar law line at Day does des ez sho' ez youer windin's up, dem tales tetches folks whar dey live at. Dey does, des ez sho' ez youer settin' dar. I had one in my head tedday, an' I come mighty nigh tellin' it ter Mars Tumlin, kaze I hear 'im say he gwine in pardnership wit dat ar John Jeems Hightower, which he say he done fin' a gol' mine on his place. Ter hear dat man, you'd think all he had tor do way to go out in his pardnership wit dat ar John Jeems High-tower, which he say he done fin' a gol' mine on his place. Ter hear dat man, you'd think all he had ter do wuz to go out in his back yard an' git a bairlful er pyo gol' wid no mo' trouble dan shevelin' it up an' shov-elin' it in. Dat de way he talk, an' when I hear dat de way he talk, an' when I hear 'se'f, an' Brer Fox by hisse'f, an' Brer Rab-

knew she had scored a point.
"Yes, la! Bigger dan what hosses is now.
Dey'd set up cross-legged an' run on 'bout dat diamon' mine, des like der gran'daddies



Brer Wolf Try to Clime Up

chillun done atter um. An' when de hard



Ann, by way of preface, "an' de creeturs had ter scuffle roun' fer ter git vittles ter eat an' cloze ter w'ar. 'Twuz long 'bout and the scuffle roun' fer ter git vittles ter ez a fence rail, an' Brer Fox wuz so gaunt ez a fence rail, an' Brer Fox wuz so gaunt ez a fence rail, an' Brer Fox wuz so gaunt de days when Brer Rabbit robbed Brer Fox's goobers. Fust dey wuz a long dry drout, an' den a long wet rain dat fresh'd de rivers, an' de creeks, an' de branches out'n der banks an' washed up all de craps. Dey wuz mo' swimmin' dan wadin' an' mo' Dey wuz mo' swimmin' dan wadin' an' mo' bits ay his great-gran'mammy wuz 'quaint-gran' wat and dem dat own de mine. Brer Fox Bebbit de days when Brer Rabbit robbed Brer dat his family ain't never got fat down ter

go on behavin' better an' better; but stint um, an' dey'll go on behavin' wuss an' wuss. Now, dat's de plain, naked trufe, you'll fin' it out when you git big 'nuff ter take notice er all de gwines-on see 'roun' you. Well, 'twuz endurin' you see 'roun' you. Well, 'twuz endurin' deze hard times I tellin' you 'bout dat de creeturs 'gun to hunt one an'er down. Up ter dem times dey went on an' plant der craps an' work um an' house um des like folks does now. Dey had der corn patches an' der goober patches an' der 'tater patches an' der peach orchards, an' dey'd an der goode.

an der goode.

"Maybe you is an maybe you and to see have der barbecues an' dinners, an' ol' Miss Meadows an' de gals wuz dar fer ter have laugh fit ter kill.

"Brer Wolf wid a grin, an' Brer Rabbit he laugh fit ter kill.

"Brer Fox he ax what a diamon' look

"But when times got hard, an' dey got wuss stidder gittin' better, they drap der work, kaze 'twant no use ter work, an' den dey tuck ter stealin', an' bimeby here dey wuz clawin' an' chawin' one an'er; de big ones eatin' de little ones, an' de little ones eatin' de littlest up an' down thoo de woods; an' fum dat lime on dey wuz wil'. Dey quit war'n cloze an' h'ar grow'd on um, an' atter dev'd had blood bread didn't tas'e good

"Yit de time I'm gwine ter tell you 'bout wuz when times wuz gittin' wusser, but hadn't come ter de wuss. De creeturs wuz scuffin' an' scrablin' for sump'n t' eat, an' none 'cept de biggest had 'gun ter claw an' haw one an'er. 'Fo' dem hard times dey had been a heap er talk 'bout a diamon min' in dem parts, an' all dat talk had beer handed down for de longest. Brer Wolf



I Done Foun' de Diamon' Mine.

had heard his great gran'daddy talkin' 'bout it; Brer Fox gran'daddy know'd sump'n 'bout it, an' Brer Rabbit gran'mam-my had 'lowed dat ef she wuz young ez she use ter be an' had good use er limbs an' eyes, she could go right straight an' put her han' on de place whar de diamon' min' wuz at. All de ol' creeturs talked dat way, an' de ol' ones 'fo' dem, way back yan' when de creeturs wuz bigger dan what hosses is now.'

Bigger than horses! The children began say my dander riz. I say: 'Sister Puddew, ez you call her, is walkin' right whar she wanter walk, an' nowhar else, an' she's lightful thrill of make-believe dread that

dat I could do sump'n wid las myse'f, but you young lean ahead er we ol' ones. but de trufe mought ez shually when it can't be dat de tale 'bout ol' Brer Fox diamon' mine pop in my head. But I speck you all done hear 'bout dat mo' times dan you got fingers an' toes."

But the children protested that they had shually when it can't be dat de tale 'bout ol' Brer Fox diamon' mine de yuthers. Dey don't want nobody ter know ef dey fin' de diamon' mine. Dey hunt an' dey hunt fum dawn twel dark, an' shually when night come dey'd dream 'bout it. But

out'n der banks an wasned up an de craps.

don't bleve dey's any diamon' mine anywadin' dan walkin' 'bout dat time, an' when
de water run'd off, times wuz des a leetle
bit harder dan what dey wuz when de
he ax what der name wuz. Brer Rabbit
'low det der name wuz. Brer Rabbit
'low det der name wuz. Brer Rabbit drout' wuz on.

"You all mayn't b'lieve it, but hard times will change habits. Let folks have plenty ter eat, and 'nuff cloze to w'ar, an' dey'll way she got her name wuz on 'count er de diamon' mine.

r Wolf laugh and say, 'Dat de trufe, an' what's mo'. Brer Fox wouldn't know a diamon' fum a pebble less'n it wuz cleaned an' rubbed up. 'Brer Fox say, 'Don't dey shine like dey

got fire in der entrails?'
"Brer Wolf shake his head an' 'low, 'Not "Brer Wolf snake his head an' 'low, 'Not less'n deyer cleaned an' rubbed up.'
"Dis make Brer Fox open his eye. He say, 'I been huntin' fer shine-things; maybe I done fin' de diamon' mine widout know-to.' it.'

in' it.'
"'Maybe you is an' maybe you ain't.' sez

alagn in ter kill.

"Brer Fox he ax what a diamon' look like 'fo' it's rubbed up an' made shiny.

"Des like plain, ev'ry-day dirt,' says Brer Wolf, an' Brer Rabbit 'gree wid 'im.

"Well, dey went on huntin'. Dey hunt by high an' dey hunt low, an' bimeby dey got so bad off an' so venomous fer vittles dat dey hatter do sump'n 'sides hunt diamon' mines; an' so, one day, when Brer Wolf see Brer Rabbit gwine 'long thoo de woods, he loped atter 'im. Brer Rabbit seed 'im er Brer Wolf come, de faster Brer Rabbit went, an' bimeby Brer Rabbit got in de briarbush whar Brer Wolf can't foller. He got in dar, he did, an' set down an' wipe his face wid bofe han's like you see chillund do. Brer Wolf sot not fur off, an' he was so hungry he fair dribble at de mouf.

"He say: 'Come yer. Brer Rabbit, you's see chillund do. Brer Wolf sot not fur off, an' he was so hungry he fair dribble at de mouf. "He say: 'Come yer, Brer Rabbit; I want-

"Brer Rabbit 'low: 'Looke at me, Brer Wolf; I'm in plain sight. I ain't hidin.'
"Brer Wolf say: I wanter show you "Brer Rabbit say: 'I ain't got pop eyes

for nothin'. I kin set right here an' see anything you wanter show me ef 'tain't no littler dan a seed-tick.' no littler dan a seed-tick."
"Brer Wolf lick his chops an' say: 'I
got sump'n I wanter whisper in yo' year.'
"Brer Rabbit 'low: 'My years ain't big
fer nothin'. Do yo' whisperin' from whar
you is, Ber Wolf. I kin hear you des ez
well, if not better, dan ef you had my year
in yo' mouf.'

"Den Brer Wolf walk roun' an' study Bimeby he look down at de groun' an' sorter scratch in it. Den he jump up in de a'r an' whirl roun' an' holler: 'Goody-goody Brer Rabbit! I so glad I projicked wid you! Goody-goody! I done foun' de diamon' mine.' Den he clawed on de groun' wid han's an' foots an' made de dirt an' peb-bles fly.

r Rabbit sot dar in de briar bush an' watch Brer Wolf fer ter see what he gwine do nex'. Den he went on combin' his ha'r wid his tongue an' rubbin' his face wid his

han's.

"Brer Wolf, wid one eye on Brer Rabbit, kep' up his grabblin' in de dirt. He holler: 'Come on. Brer Rabbit. Deyer here by de bushel. De groun' is fairly strowed wid

"Brer Rabbit 'low: 'Nummine 'bout me, Brer Wolf. Ef dey's nuff fer bofe, I'll git mine atter you git all you want. Ef dey ain't nuff fer bofe, 'tain't no use fer me ter come out dar an' worry you while you "Brer Wolf grabble harder dan ever. He say: 'Oh, come on, Brer Rabbit! Don't be hangin' back dat way!

"Brer Rabbit 'low: 'I'm gwine home atter

a bag. My pockets ain't big nuff fer ter hol' all you say you gwinter gi' me.' "Brer Wolf say: 'Come look at um, Brer Rabbit, an' choosen de size an' kin' you want. "Brer Rabbit 'low: 'I'd be monst'ous on

Brer Wolf.'
"Wid dat Brer Rabbit holler: 'Wait fer me, Brer Wolf! Wait fer me!' Den he make a big rustlin' noise in de briar bush like he runnin' thoo um, but he laid his years

back an' drapt on de groun' an' watch Brer Wolf. Time Brer Rabbit made de rustlin' noise Brera Wolfsistop grabbilin an' run roun' de briar-patch fer ter see ef he can't head Brer Rabbit off an' ketch 'im.

Brer Wolf. Time Brer Rabbit made de rustlin noise Brera Wolfstop grabblin an' run roun' de briar-patch fer ter see ef he can't head Brer Rabbit off an' ketch' im.

"When Brer Rabbit see dat, he sot up an' laugh, an' lay down an' haugh, an' roll over an' laugh; an' ez' ef det wan't 'nuff, he drum on de groun' wid his behine feets, an' it soun' des like when yot thump on a bed-tick wid yo' fingers!"

"Then he didn't catch Brother Rabbit?" said Sweetest Susan.

"Who? Him! Nei dai day, nor de nex', ner not na'er udder day dat I ever hear tell un. Well, when Brer Wolf got 'roun' de briar patch an' ain't see needer har'n ner hide er Brer Rabbit, he say ter hisself dat Brer Rabbit done gone on home in a hurry, an' he'll des waylay 'im-ez he come back. So he hid in de underbrush an' wait. He wait an' he wait, but Brer Rabbit ain't come back, kaze he wus settin' not twenty yards fum Brer Wolf an' watchin' his motions, all de time tryin' ter keep fum laughin' out loud.

"Bimeby, who should come promenadin' long but ol' Brer Fox. He wa'nt doin' nothin' in de worl' but huntin' de diamon' mine. Time Brer Wolf see 'im he made a break atter 'im, an' Brer Fox put out ez hard ez he could fer ter keep outer de way. Brer Fox wuz nimble in de feet, but Prer Wolf wuz hongry, an' so dar 'twuz. Bimeby, Brer Fox tuck a tree. Brer Wolf try ter clime up atter 'im, but he done dulled his claws by grabbin' an' dey wouldn't hold in de bark.

"Den he try de same game on Brer Fox dat he'd tried on Brer Rabbit. He look at de groun', turn roun' a time er two an' start ter grabbin'. He holler out, 'I mighty glad I played de prank on you, Brer Fox. dat he'd tried on Brer Rabbit. He look at de groun', turn roun' a time er two an' start ter grabbin'. He holler out, 'I mighty glad I played de prank on you, Brer Fox. waze you lead me right straight ter de diamon' mine: you must a' know'd whar 'twuz. E' you did, I'm mighty much bleege ter you, kaze de diamon' mine is right here an' you shan't lose nothin', Brer Fox."

"Brer Fox say. 'Ho' wa pone un u

a-gruntin'.

"Brer Fox say, 'Mus' I come down an'
he'p you, Brer Wolf?"

"Brer Wolf low, 'Come er stay, des ez
you choosen, Brer Fox. You ain't gwineter

se nothin'.' "All dat soun' so nice dat Brer Fox start

down. He come down de tree a little way, an' den stop; but Brer Wolf ain't payin' no 'tention. He des keep on a-gruntin' an' a-grabbin'. Bimeby Brer Fox made a long jump ter git ez fur way fum Brer Wolf ez he kin; but time he lit Brer Wolf had ez he kin; but time he lit Brer Wolf had 'im. Dey wuz a kinder scuffle, but, bless yo' soul! Brer Fox time done come.

"Atter while, when Brer Wolf wuz layin' sunnin' hisse'f an' feelin' good, ol' Brer Rabbit come promenadin' 'long. He see Brer Wolf an' stop. He look all 'roun' an' he see whar de groun' been grabbled up; he look furder an' he see Brer Fox head layin' on de groun' grinnin'. Den he low:

"Heyo, Brer Wolf! You must 'a' foun' an 'er diamon' mine. Two in one day is big luck—mighty big luck. Brer Fox is sorter swunk up, but what dey is lef' un 'm look mighty happy."

'im look mighty happy.' "Brer Wolf say, 'O, go 'way, man! I feel

The story was done, and Aunt Minervy Ann's time was up. So is mine. We have come to the end of the book, which, after all, is nothing more than a confused dream

ENGLISH HATS.

Many Marked Changes Have Taken Place in London Styles.

From the Hatters' Gazette. If the question were asked of every wearer of a silk hat, "If comfort were the only question to be considered, would you prefer to wear a felt or a silk hat?" we do not doubt that, without exception, the answer would be that fashion decrees that silk hats must be worn by all men who wish to look well dressed, and the dictates wearing a silk hat when on business, at social functions, or on Sunday, naturally reverts to a felt hat on other occasions. As hatters know, a hat suffers almost as much wear by being exposed to light and dust while hanging on a peg as when on the wearer's head. It follows that all branches of the trade are helped, and the more fre quently the leaders of fashion desire new shapes in either silks or felts the greater will be the turnover of manufacturers and retailers.

Who are the mysterious individuals, or who decrees with what particular kind of covering long-suffering humanity shall hide the brains we are all more or less supposed to possess? It is said that the Prince of Wales, who is a stanch believer in the silk hat, has a considerable hand in the mat-ter. But whether that be so or not, the prince is undoubtedly responsible for the still almost impregnable position this article occupies in our wardrobes. According to a London morning paper the silk hat is losing ground. "With a frock coat it is de rigueur the world over with all who make the slightest pretense even of knowing what to wear," says the writer of the ar-ticle. "But in no city; perhaps, is the doom of the silk hat more patent than in London. Twenty, nay, ten years ago, who but a vulgar clodhopper would dare wear a bowler' in Bond street or the park? What city man, to say nothing of a city clerk, would have dreamed of going to his office except in the regulation headgear? What fellow from the country-more especially if he wanted to be taken for a cockney-would wanted to be taken for a cockney—would have come for a few days' holiday to London without his silk hat? The shape, or style or cut did not matter. To his unpracticed eye he saw no difference; the fact that he had a silk hat on was more than sufficient for him. But all that has changed. The silk hat is fast losing its hald in other parts of London set did. hold in other parts of London, as it did many years ago in Fleet street—the one great thoroughfare where headgear is of no account; where even a poetical species of hat is affected by some, a veritable som-brero of sunny Seville, which for some unfathomable reason Londoners speak of as a 'sombrero hat,' as though sombrero itself meant something else.
"But in spite of all this the silk hat still

gces a long way to mark a man. The silk hat of the swell-the man about town-is not the silk hat of the city merchant; we have a cabinet minister's silk hat, a clerica silk hat, a journalistic silk hat, a law yer's silk hat, a cabman's silk hat, a city yer's silk hat, a cabman's silk hat, a city clerk's silk hat and many more. There they all are, proclaiming loudly to some extent by their condition, but more often by their shape, to what class of person they belong." by their sha they belong."

A Sure Cure. From the Boston Transcript,

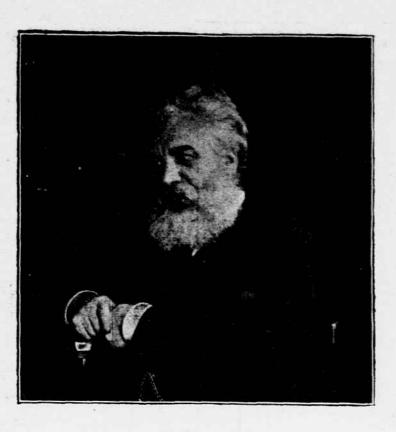
Fuddy-"Remarkable cure, that case of Mrs. Blank's." Duddy-"Haven't heard about it. What

Fuddy-"She has recovered her voice. You know, she hasn't been able to speak for three years. They induced her to play a game of whist, and she was talking before she knew it."



e Canal side, Sunday morning. Lady-"Do you know where little boys g to who bathe on Sunday?"

First Arab—"Yus." It's farder up the canal side. But you can't go. Girls ain't



PROF. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL. (Copyrighted by Frank M. Boteler.)

the Telephone.

EARLY HARDSHIPS AND OBSTACLES

How He Finally Came to Exhibit at the Centennial.

DESERVED HIS SUCCESS

Written for The Evening Star by James McIlhauy Thomson.

The iron, steel and copper wire used by one great telephone company in the United States of America alone is of more than sufficient length to loop the earth to the moon. In fact, were it possible to make the connections and to support the 772,989 miles of wire which this company reports as being used throughout its various circuits on January 1, 1899, three different wires could be stretched between our planet and her lunar satellite.

America is the birthplace of the telephone. Its discovery was made generally known in Philadelphia during June, 1876one hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and at the centennial exposition which commemorated that event. The story of the invention of the telephone is in many respects the most marvelous and interesting part of this one of the world's wonders.

this one of the world's wonders.

Alexander Granam Bell, the genius who gave it scientific birth, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847. His father, Alexander Meiville Bell, was the inventor of what is known as "visible speech"—a system of teaching deaf mutes how to speak by indicating to them through visible characters the combinations of the vocal chords necessary to produce articulate sounds. To the life-work of his father young Bell deof fashion must be obeyed, notwithstanding the extra comfort gained by wearing a cided to devote himself. After a preparatory training he entered London University in 1867, but his health failed him and bard or soft felt. While fashion rules thus, the hat trade benefits all round. A man pany with his parents, he went to Canada. Realizing that the United States offered broader field for the work that he had in view, young Bell, in 1872, came to the United States and settled in Boston, where he introduced his father's system of vis-ible speech for the education of deaf mutes. He supported himself at first with private

First Electrical Work.

Meanwhile, and even before he left England, young Bell had commenced experiments in that branch of physics and electricity which embraces sound. To the task of an inventor in this line he brought a life-long training for the profession of a teacher of vocal physiology—a profession involving a knowledge of how to produce and perceive articulate sounds. The groundwork of the system which he taught consisted in instructing deaf mutes to recog nize by sight the motions of the organs which produce speech, and from this to understand the meaning of spoken words. He became an expert in sound, which embraces among its other branches that of harmonics. Some time before he left Eng-land Bell, following the natural bent of his genius, commenced experimenting in harmoules. The art of telegraphy then af-forded an alluring field for research, and about the time he came to this country he conceived the idea that a system of mul-tiple telegraphy might be evolved from the principle that the various chords of a musical instrument are sensitive to sounds of different pitch. While in Canada he worked out a system of multiple telegraphy on this basis, and upon locating in Boston he interested Gardiner Hubbard and Thomas Sanders, two gentlemen of wealth, in his experiments.

They had confidence in the young man

and the three entered a partnership, it being agreed that Messrs. Hubbard and Sanders should defray the expenses of the experiments necessary to complete Bell's and for taking out

the necessary patents on it.

Teaching was absolutely his only means of support. He spent all day in the class room, and when night came devoted his time to study and experiment.

Transmission of Sound.

As the young scientist proceeded with his work he noted with ever increasing wonder

the adaptability of the electric current to the transmission of sound. Some time in 1874 there occurred to him the idea that possibly the human voice itself might be transmitted and reproduced by means of the electric current.

There are many persons now who remember with what incredulity they read the first press accounts of Bell's discovery of the telephone. Some people even refused to believe after they had heard spoken words issue from the receiver of the telephone, preferring rather to think that their senses cheated them, or that they were the victims of some clever and ingenious hoax. But the idea of the telephone had been born in the brain of young Bell, and, come weal or woe, he was determined that it should be carried through to an exhaustive experimental conclusion. In the fall of 1874 he communicated his elementary idea for a speaking telephone to his friend, Dr. Clarence J. Blake, an eminent physician in Bos on, and an authority on acoustics.

Bell received from him some encourage ment for the further prosecution of this original idea. His partners, Messrs. Hub-bard and Sanders, preferred, however, that the young man should devote himself to the completion of his system of multiple telegraphy, and rather discouraged his seemingly impracticable idea for the transmission of speech by the electric current.

Prof. Henry's Advice.

The year of 1875 dawned dark and gloomy

enough on the struggling young inventor to have discouraged almost any one other than Bell. After he had completed his system of multiple telegraphy and applied for. his patent, he was thrown into consterna-tion by finding that his title to an original invention was contested by the distinguished scientist, Elisha Gray of Philadelphia. He went to Washington to look after his interests, and while there called on the veteran physicist and electrician, Prof. Joseph Hanry, the secretary of the Smithseph Henry, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute.

In the course of his interview with Prof.
Henry he explained his ideas for the construction of the telephone. He then wrote

to his father and mother in Canada, telling

mission of the human voice by telegraph. I explained the idea, and said:
"What would you advise me to do, publish it and let others work it out, or attempt to solve the problem myself?
"He said he thought it was the germ of a great invention and advised me to work it. great invention, and advised me to work it

great invention, and advised me to work it out myself instead of publishing.

"I said I recognized that there were mechanical difficulties in the way that rendered the pian impracticable at the present time. I added that I felt that I had not the electrical knowledge necessary to overcome the difficulties. His laconic answer was:

""Get it."

on the track, with steam up, ready to pull "Mr. Bell, you are going to Philadelphia to exhibit your invention," was the decided order that the young man received. And go to Philadelphia he did, although there was little time remaining to waste in making his READS LIKE FICTION

them of his talk with Prof. Henry, which it will be seen had a vital bearing on the future of Bell's ideas for the telephone.

"I felt," said he, "so much encouraged from his (Prof. Henry's) interest that I determined to ask his advice about the apparatus I have designed for the transmission of the human voice by telegraph.

Story of Prof. Bell's Invention of next morning Bell arrived in Philadelphia and prepared to exhibit his telephone. The 25th of June proved a very warm day, and the distinguished party of judges and not-ables, including the two world-famous scien-tists and inventors, Sir William Thomson

exposition during the latter part of June He learned that on Sunday, June 28, the board of judges of the exposition, includ-ing Prof. Henry and Sir William Thomson,

since Lord Kelvin, would, in company with the Emperor of Brazil, inspect some of the inventions in harmonics of the distinguish-ed scientist, Elisha Gray. As a special favor Mr. Hubbard obtained from them a

promise to allow young Bell to show his telephone contrivance to the party. He then telegraphed Bell to come to Philadel-

The young man was undecided as to whether he should go. Perhaps the cold-ness with which the invention had so far been received and the hardships which had attended its inception had disheartened him and shaken his confidence in himself Anyhow, class work was pressing, and he determined not to neglect his scholars again for the chance of advertising his already

too expensive and unremunerative inver

He had about made up his mind to let the night train for New York and Philadelphia leave without him when some one knocked at his door and announced that Miss Hub-

bard was awaiting him outside in her car

riage, and desired to see him immediately. He selzed his hat and went down to meet

"Why aren't you ready to go to Philadel-phia?" was the question which greeted him. The young man began to explain about his classes and other dues which would deter him from taking the trip.

He Had to Go.

"Well, come take a drive with me," said

his fiancee. This was an invitation which

he could not refuse. He got in the car-

riage immediately and was driven to the

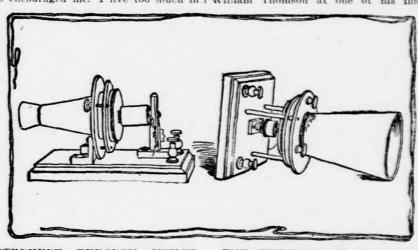
station. There Miss Hubbard descended.

The New York train was already waiting

Mr. Beli did likewise.

and Professor Henry, and the emperor of Brazil, had taken a long time in examining the really remarkable invention of Elisha Gray. They must have felt considerably bored when young Bell finally gained their attention and commenced to explain his ap-

electrical knowledge necessary to overcome the difficulties. His laconic answer was:
"'Get it.'
"I cannot tell you how much those two words encouraged me. I live too much in the set of the telephone, Bell placed Sir William Thomson at one of his instru-



INSTRUMENT THROUGH WHICH THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL AND LORD KELVIN SPOKE.

an atmosphere of discouragement for scientific pursuits. Such a chimerical idea as telegraphing vocal sounds would, indeed, to most minds seem scarcely feasible enough to spend time in working over. I believe, however, that it is feasible, and I have got the cue to the solution of the problem."

Heroic Efforts.

The letter was written after his return to Boston, and he started in on his experimental work with renewed energy. He tried to accomplish with limited resources and under conditions the most trying an amount of work which would have staggered the strongest of men. He taxed his resources, financial and physical, to the limit, and then he resolved on a bold step. On March 18 he wrote to his father and

"I have put off my pupils and all my classes until the 1st of April. Flesh and blood could not stand much ionger the strain I have had upon me. Professional work is all in confusion, and the only way is to cut the Gordian knot and throw up

verything until the end is achieved.' Bell worked on now day and night studying and experimenting. Meanwhile the situation had become complicated and even perhaps a little more difficult for the young man. In the course of his asso tion with his partner, Mr. Hubbard, had met the charming young daughter of that distinguished philanthropist, then Mis-Mabel Hubbard. They had fallen in love with each other. The pride of the Scotch gentleman of small means, which has been so charmingly characterized in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, was exaggerated in young Bell. The expense of his actual experiments in multiple telegraphy had been defrayed by his partners in the enterprise. But that of the telephone experiments fell entirely on him, and his slender purse was taxed to the utmost to meet the calls upon it. He was unwilling to go to the father of his fiancee and ask a loan to help him de-fray his living expenses, and those incident to the purchase and construction of expensive apparatus. Neither was he willing to turn to his parents for aid; and with his sole source of revenue cut off by the dismissal of his classes, he found himself reduced to the verge of actual want. At this juncture a friend came forward and loaned him a small sum of money on the security of his prospective earnings from

teaching during the coming winter. The Real Discovery.

With this he struggled on. The date of the real discovery of the telephone might be said to be June 2, 1875. On that day Bell was standing by one of his harmonic instruments when his assistant accidentally tapped the connecting instrument with his hand. The slight noise proceeding from the nearby receiver would have escaped the attention of a less skilled ob-server than Bell. To him it sounded as distinct as the crack of a pistol. Again and again the excited young scientist made his assistant repeat the tapping with his finger on the connected harmonic instru-ment, while he stood with his ear to the receiving instrument, listening delightedly to the sounds that issued from it. He repeated the experiments until he had satis-fied himself that the sound which he heard from the one instrument was due to electric impulses generated by the sonorous vibrations of the other. Within the hour he gave orders for the construction of exactly such a telephone as in the preceding fall he had described to Dr. Blake electric speaking

practical certainty! practical certainty!

In July and August, when his invention was ready to patent, Bell's assistant, Mr. Watson, became sick, and Bell himself broke down. He went to Canada to visit his parents, and in the fall of 1875 drew up specifications for his patent. These he gave to Mr. Hubbard to take to Washington and file in the patent office. But owing to de-lays with the English patent, it was not until February 14, 1876, that the applica-tion was filed with the commissioner of patents. One hour after it was filed Elisha Gray of Philadelphia also filed in the patent office a caveat warning inventors against any attempt to patent an instrument such as the telephone, as he was doing some work looking to the transmission of speech by the electric current. Had this been filed before Bell's application there is a possi-bility that he would not have been granted

Patent number 174,465, perhaps the most important ever allowed by the United States patent office, was issued on March 7, 1876, to Graham Bell for his original invention of an electric speaking telephone.

At the Centennial. Meanwhile. Bell was at work harder than ever conducting his classes in Boston, and in trying to make such improvements in the telephone as suggested themselves. He sent the rude instruments which constisent the rude instruments which consti-tuted his first telephone on to the centen-nial exposition, which was being held that year in Philadelphia. They were placed in an obscure corner of the Massachusetts exhibit, and attracted little or no atten-

Mr. Gardiner Hubbard was attending the

the party at the other, he told them to go ahead and talk to one another. In Successful Operation.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question," began Sir William. "Do you hear me?" The answer came back. "Yes, quite plainly." The members of the party were simply astounded. The Emperor of Brazil was then stationed at one of the instruments, and he carried on an animated con-versation with Elisha Gray, who stated his wonder at the marvelous invention of

ments, and stationing another member of

a note of congratulation was delivered to him from Sir William Thomson. For a week Sir William, Prof. Henry and other experimented with and examined the tele-phone instruments. When they had satis-fied themselves as to the great scientific and practical value of the invention

words of praise from them for Bell and his telephone could prove too strong. Accounts of the telephone were published in the press and were cabled and telegraphed all over the world. In a short while the name of Bell was on every tongue, and the young man awoke to find himself famous yond his wildest dreams. It might be

stated parenthetically that the Boston press shortly afterwards announced the marriage of Miss Mabel Hubbard to Mr. Alexander Graham Bell.

Perfecting His Great Work. But the telephone which Bell exhibited at the centennial exposition would scarcely be recognized as the parent of the wonderfully complete instruments used today. It is true, however, that the basic principles of the instruments which now transmit messages amounting into the billions anually are identically the same as those first applied by Bell. The remainder has been a matter of evolution and of adaptation. Of late the principal movements have been

effected along the line of long distance telephony until conversations can now be carried on between stations 2,000 miles The World Do Move.

From Life. Mrs. Henry Peck-"First we get horse ess carriages and then wireless telegraphy, wonder what next? Her husband (meekly)-"Wifeless matriiony, perhaps.

FEMALE MAIL.

That sounds more contradictory than it is, when attention is called to its being a description of the largest mail received by any man in the United States exclusively from women. This "female mail" is received by Dr. R. V. Pierce, the celebrated specialist in women's diseases, chief consulting physician to the Inva-lids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buf-

falo, N. Y. It is only fair to say that it is not the man that women write to, but the doctor. One of the remarkable features of this correspondence is that years after a cure has been effected, grateful women con-tinue to write to Dr. Pierce, being thankful for health and for the kind and fatherly advice, which was blended with the physician's counsel, and which was so helpful in preserving the health when

regained. The offer of a free consultation by letter is extended by Dr. Pierce to every sick and ailing woman. Every letter received is read in private, answered in private and its contents treated as a sacred confidence. To exclude any third party from the correspondence, all answers are mailed in a plain envelope, bearing upon it no printing or advertising whatever. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute,

Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great remedy for female troubles, irregularities, debilitating drains, inflammation and ulceration, is for sale by all dealers in medicine. Accept no substitute which may be recommended as "just as good" that the dealer may make a little

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.